

THE
STRANGE,
VVONDERFVLL,
and bloudy Battell betweene
Frogs and Mise:

The occasion of their falling out :

*Their preparation, munition, and resolution
for the warres : The severall combats of euery
person of worth; with many other memo-
rable accidents.*

Interlaced with diuers pithy and morall senten-
ces, no lesse pleasant to be read, then profitable
to be obserued.

Couertly decyphering the estate
of these times.

Paraphrastically done into English Heroycall
verse by W. F. C. C. C.

LONDON

Imprinted by S. S. for John Bayly : and are
to be sold at his shop in Chauncery lane,
neare to the Office of the sixe
Clarkes. 1603.

39
МАРТ
1837

*Perlege Maonio cantatas carmine Ranas,
Et frontem nugis soluere disce meis.*

Martialis in Xenia, 183.

To the vertuous, courteous, and worship-
full Gentleman, Master Robert Greenewood of
Westerton, health, with the happiness of both worlds.



Vch louing faours from your sonne I found,
So kind affection at your Worships hand,
Though vndeserued, that I still am bound,
And vnto you and yours obliged stand:

And though that *Greene* braunch, which ay-springing
As chiefest crowne or garland to your wood, (stood,
Be by the stroke of Fate quite cut away,
Ne're shall a thanklesse nature in me sway.

No loftie Cedar, though in height he passe
Eche seu'rall plant which desert forrests yeeld;
No Laurell, though *Apollo's* tree it was;
No Pine for shippes, no Oke ordayn'd to build,
Nor any shrub was halfe so deare to me,
As was that braunch falne from the *Greenewoods* tree:
Which though as dead, entomb'd in earth it lyes,
A day will come, we hope, to see it rise.

Here (worthy Sir) doe I present to you.

The timely Buds of my frost-bitten Spring,
And though this trifle not deserue your view,
Yet such a trifle once did *Homer* sing,
Adorn'd with robes, spun from the wooll of *Greece*,
Homely by me now clad in *English* fleece:
Albeit no pleasure in this toy you take,
Yet deigne a kind aspect for *Hargreues* sake,

*The unworthy wel-willer of your Worships
Wel-fare,* William Fowldes.

To the Reader in generall.



Auing of late, for mine owne exercise at vacant howres, consummated the translation of this little Booke, I now boldly aduenture to commit it to the Presse, being the rather induced thereunto by the incouragement of certaine of mine acquaintance : not that I seeke hereby to winne praise, or publish this for any deuotion in print, since I am verily perswaded, it deserues not the least title of commendation : and I hold it as a maxime with Lylie, that he which commeth in print, because hee would bee knowne, is like the foole that goeth into the market, because hee would be seene. Onely I hope, that this my simple labour will be a spurre to the riper wits of our time, that the golden works of this & other famous Poets, may not still lie hidden, as under a vaine or mysterie, from the weake capacitie of meaner iudgements. Concerning my translation, as I cannot altogether commend it : for quandoq; bonus dormitat Homerus: so neither will I wholly discommend it; in the one I might seeme arrogant; in the other be accounted foolish : and therefore puto rectius esse, vt sint mediocria omnia . If one write neuer so well, he shall not please all; if neuer so ill, he shall please some: a dog wil barke, though he lack his teeth; and a dolt wil censure, though he want iudgement. I knowe, to some curious heads it will bee thought amisse, that every verse answeres not their expectation, because I haue not word for word concord with the Author in my translation : yet if they will but looke a little into the difficulty of this thing, considering the kind of verse which I haue vsed, I hope they will rest satisfied. I only wil answere them out of Horace, Non verbum verbo curabis redere,

To the Reader in generall.

dere, fidus interpres. And furthermore (besides the diversite betweene a construction & a translation) they may know, that there are many mysteries in this writer, which uttered in English, would shew little pleasure, and in mine opinion, are better to bee untouched, then to diminish the grace of the rest with tediousnes & obscuritie: I haue therefore followed the counsell of the aforesaid Horace, teaching the duty of a good Interpreter, qui, quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit. By which occasion, some fewe sentences I haue in places omitted, somewhat added, somewhat altered, and somewhat expounded: that which I haue added, you shall find quoted in the margent. The significations of the names (being indeede no names, but onely wordes correspondent to the nature of Frogs and Mise) ne quis in ijs haereat, lest any shold therewith be troubled, I haue englished and inserted them in the verse, that the inferiour Readers should not bee wearied with looking in the margent: as for the learned, they need not be instructed. I meane not be a priudice to any that can do finer; only I would desire them to beare with this my simple labour, and to accept it as a thing roughly begun, rather then polished. And if any with this will not bee contented, let him take in hand, and doe it anew himselfe, and I doubt not, but he shal find it an easier thing to controll a line or two, then to amend the whole of this interpretation. Farewell.

W. F.

B 2

To

To the captious company of carping
Readers.



Purne not the study of my nouice Muse,
though but a toy;
Who scornes to reade this trifle, let him
though he're so coy: (chuse,
Yet no base trifle: for by *Homers* quill
The subiect was contriū'd, if good or ill,

If then the subiect was of *Homers* worth,
from *Homers* brayne,
What should affray my Muse to set this forth,
and scorne disdayne?
For he which scoffes this Poeme in his pride,
If that he durst, great *Homer* would deride.

Let addle heads by idle humours guise,
ybent to stray,
Iest at this battell of the *Frogs* and *Mise*,
Ile not dismay,
Since *Homer* stands as bulwarke on my part,
T'award the scornfull termes that fooles will dart.

The babbling prayses of the vulgar vayne
I nought esteeme,
Nor how the curious, through fantastick braine,
my labours deeeme.
As one to eu'ry trifle giues applause,
So th'other, all condemnes, without iust cause.

And yet the censure of the meanest wit
I nill refuse:
For slender iudgements best I thinke befit
my simple Muse;
Onely I wish, that he which reads this booke,
His praise or dispraise may to reason looke,
Nil moror riteris.

In commendation of Poetry.

AMong the diuers currents that do flow
Frō th' euer-springing fountain of all art,
The perled Nectar most contēt doth show,
Which Poetry full sweetly doth impart,

*VV*hose bunny'd vapour comforteth the heart,

*A*nd vnder vailed fancies that doth sing,
Whicb doth much profit with great pleasure bring.

For cert's the truth(though truth no colours need
To men of vnderstanding and ripe yeeres)

*VV*hen she is masked in a seemely weed,
More faire, more sweet, and beautifull appeares,

Her tale contents the mind, and glads the cares,
And makes men more attentiue to her story,
That truth may still preuayle with greater glory:

For as an Image drawne in white and black,

Though it be well proportioned with care,

If it do other comely colours lack,

To beautify the members, head, and haire,

*V*nto the eye appeares not halfe so faire;

Nor with so much content doth fill the mind,

As that pourtrayd with colours in his kind:

*E*u'n so a naked storie simply told,

Though cause be true and worthy due regard,

Doth not mens hearts with such affection hold,

*An pro-
deesse vo-
lunt, aut
delectare
Poete, aut
simil.*

*Vt pictu-
ra Poesis
erit.*

In commendation of Poetry.

Nor bath the outward sences so ingard,
As doth that matter which is well declar'd,
Adorned pleasantly with termes and arte,
Which pearcing th'row the eares, doth moue the
This knew the learned Poets all of yore, (heart.)
This knew th'immortall Sages long agone,
VV hose works the wifest of our age adore,
Such storc of wisdom in their bookeis is shone,
Such pleasure vnto all, offence to none,
Such graue precepts hid vnder fine deuice,
As eares and heart with wonderment surprize.

No fable sweet Philosophy contaynes,
VV ithin the sacred volumes of her cell,
<sup>* A bill
to consecrate
the
Muses.</sup> Dipt in the fount, which from * Pernassus straynes,
Whereas the thrice three Nymphes are said to dwel,
That Barbarisme and ignorance expell:
But vnder vaile deepe secrets doth vnfold,
Though bnt a tale by wanton Ouid told.

By wanton Ouid? heauenly Poesie,
Pardon the rasbnesse of my infant Muse,
That I, a client to thy mysterie,
Should vnadvised by that word abuse,
<sup>Vita re-
cunda
est, Musa
iocoosa
mea.</sup> And terme him wanton, did no folly vse:
For though his Muse was wanton, as he playned,
Yet Ouids life was chaste, and never stayned.

Nor

In commendation of Poetry.

Nor sung he always in a wanton lay,
And penned pleasing ditties of blindfire:
Of deeper matters much could Ouid say,
As he whose soaring spirit mounted higher,
Than euer Poet after could aspire.

And saue the famous Homer chiefe of all,
* The Prince of Poets may we Ouid call.

* Semper
Virgilium
excipio,

But neyther Homer, Ouid, nor the rest,
That euer tasted * Aganippes spring,
Though but to write of fables they addrest,
VV hich to th' vnskilfull no contentment bring,
But with such arte and knowledge did them sing,
That in their volumes scarce appeares one lyne,
VV hich to the learned doth not seeme diuine.

* A foun-
tayne of
the Mu-
ses.

No vice of youth, no villayny of age,
No lewd behauour of each degree,
But in the secret myst' ries of the sage,
And graue instructions of Philosophy,
Clad in the habit of sweet Poesie,
Is aptly cowched in some pretty fable,
As well the learned to discussse are able.

Ficta
quidem
narratio-
ne, sed
veraci
significa-
tione bac
dicuntur.

And not alone are vices set to view,
And horrid plagues attending wickednesse:
But blessed vertue with the beauenly crew,
VV hich euer wayt vpon her worthynesse,

In commendation of Poetry.

By them are pourtrayd forth with comlinesse:

The meanest fable Poet e're did make,

May stand as mirrour for example sake.

For proofe whereof read but this little booke,

With vnderstanding, knowledge, care and skill,

And thou shalt find presented to thy looke,

Such wit and learning from the Authours quill,

Which vnder fine inuentions meet thee still;

So pleasant obiects that occurre thine* eyes,

As will thy soule with wonderment surprise.

And not alone shall pleasure thee awate,

As thou perusest what I now present;

Here thou shalt haue fit matter for eche state,

If thou consider what hereby is ment.

Then thinke thy time herein not idly spent:

Ponder with iudgemēt what thou read'st at leasure;

So may thy profit equallize thy pleasure.

*The
eyes of
thy mind

Batra-





Batrachomyomachia:

Or,
The Battell betweene
Frogs and Mise.



E thrice three daughters of immortall Ioue,
Bacotian Nymphs of Helscons sweet spring, The nine
Bright lampes of honor shining frō aboue,
Where stil ye sit secure from enuies sting,

Guiding the sterne of learnings sacred lore,
Vouchsafe to guide my pen, I you implore;
Your sweet consent conforme my tender brest,
While I adorne my verse, as likes you best.

Deigne from your pleasant fountaynes of delight,
And euer-running Riuers of true skill,
Now to infuse sweet drops into my spright,
And heau'aly *Nectar* on my plants distill:

That they may grow like Bay, which euer springs,
To bud the battels of two mighty Kings,
And all the world may know how strife did rise,
Betweene renowned Frogs and gallant Mise.

The antique deedes, which wanton Ouid told,
To be perform'd by Gyants long agone,
When mighty hils together they inrold,
Thinking to pull the Thundrer from his throne,
Compared to these battels cannot be,
,, No more then brambles to the Cædar tree,
,, Whose lofty top dare check the * heau'ns fayre * *The Sun*
,, When at midday he sits in maiestie. (eye,

*Si par-
nis com-
ponere
magnali-
cebit.*

In

C



The Battell betweene

In these approved souldiers of sterne Mars,
Manhood, or Mars himselfe, may seeme to dwell:
For with such valour they endur'd the warres,
That horrid death their courage could not quell.

Stout resolution in their foreheads stood,
Fighting like valiant hearts amid their blood.
And this, alas, did cause the mortall strife,
Whereby so many gallants lost their life.

Hic no-
stris surgit
origo ma-
li.

The Kings owne sonne, a *Mouse* of royall state,
Next heire by birth apparent to the *Crowne*,
Toyled with trauell, flying from the *Cat*,
Vnto a pleasant brooke to drinke came downe,
Wher couching low his body on the banke,
With great delight cold water there he dranke.
,, For though that gorged stomacks lothe strong
,, Thirst makes the King cold water (drink,
(win to thinke.

But while the gentle and debonayre *Mouse*,
Bathed his lips within the chanell cleare,
Quaffing most neatly many a sweet carouse,
Along the gliding current did appeare

This was
the King
of Frogs.

* A gallant *Frog*, whose port and mounting pace,
Show'd him to be chiefe ruler in that place.
,, For as quicke sparkes disclose the fire to be,
So doth mans gesture show his maiestie.

From



Frogs and Mise.

From forth the riuers, like to liquid glasse,
The *Frog* ascends vpon the waters brim,
And seeing where the *Mouse* lay on the grasse,
With nimble ioynts he leapeth towards him;
And bending downe his fayre and yellow brest,
With kind salutes he welcomes this new ghest,
Beseeming well a Kings hye dignitie.
And thus he spoke with solemne maiestie:

Since that thou art a stranger, gentle *Mouse*,
From whome dost thou deriuue thy pedigree?
Declare to me thy parents and the house,
Which haue conceiued such a progenie,
That, if thy worth deserue, with greater sway,
Vnto my pallace thee I might conuay :
VWhere I with kingly presents will thee grace,
As shall befit thy vertues, and my place.

And doubt not but we can confirme our word:
For know it's spoken by a mighty King,
The onely Monarch of this running ford,
VWhich all the *Frogs* to my subiection bring.

My promise to performe I want no store,
My kingdom stretcheth out from shore to shore.
,, Scarce he deserues the title of a king,
,, That wanteth meanes t'accomplice any thing.

*Annessis
longas re-
gibus effi-
manus?*



The Battell betweene

By birth I am a King, borne to the Crowne,
And hold by right my rushie chayre of state,
Peleus my dury Sire, great in renoune,
Of *Queene Hydromedusa* me begate.

She at the floud of *Padus* did me beare,
Whose head and cheeks did put her in great feare.
And that my name and person might agree,
Blovne-cheeke Physignathus she cleaped mee.

Conuenient rebus nomina sepe suis.

But since that valour in thy lookes doth dwell,
The God of warre. And * Mars hath his abiding in thy face:
I thinke thy birth doth common *Mise* excell,
And thee descended from a higher place.

„ For maiestie attends vpon estate,
„ It cannot masked be, nor change his gate,
Thy Lordly lookes, thy roiall birth proclaims
Tell me thy countrey, kindred, and thy name.

The *Monse* arising from the riuers brim,
Hearing the *Frog* speake with such Maiestie,
With haughtie courage resaluteth him,
And thus replies with great audacitie:

A bold answer to a King.

* Wherefore desirest thou to know our birth,
Famous to gods aboue, and men on earth?
„ The greatest *Kesar*, and the countrey swayne,
„ Of our employts and stratagems complayne.



Frogs and Mise.

I am the Prince * Psicharpax, which in field
Dare meet a thousand crummes within the face,
All them encounter without speare or shield,
And brauely eat them up in little space,

*Prince
Eate-
crumme.

Borne of * Troxart a that redoubted king,
Of whose heroick acts the world doth ring;
Both rich and poore my valiant father dread,
With so great courage he deuoures their bread.

*King
Eate-
bread,

Lick-meale Lichomile, a royll Mouse,
My faire Queene-mother me conceiu'd hereby,
Vnder a pile of wood, behind a house:
(For at that present there the Court did lye)

The court
then lay
at wood-
stacke.

Where like the child of Ione, within her lap,
I suckt sweet Nectar from her downe-soft pap,
Nearly she fed me in my yonger yeares
With milk, cheef-curds, nuts, apples, figs & peares

In vayne you wish our honour should descend
(Because our birth is of no small regard)
To taste the pleasures that your Palace lend,
With store of iuncats and delights prepar'd
,, For they whose liues and natures disagree,
,, Do hardly brooke to ioyne in companie.
,, Like will to like, those birds consort together,
,, Whose wings are like in colour, and of feather.



The Battell betwecne

You simple *Frogs* liue in the running mayne,
In brookes, in ditches, and the watrie Fen.
Vpon the drie land we, braue *Mise*, remayne,
Where we enjoy the company of men:
We feed vpon their dainties at our easc,
Eate vp their bread and victuals when we please;
We passe not for their locks, nor strength of place,
Both locks and strength doth policie deface.

Yet though, when hunger moues an appetite,
We sometimes skirmish with the Kitchins store,
And here and there a little morsell bite,
And where we find it fatter, eate the more:

A good axiome. For I haue heard my father say of old,
Which as a *Maxime* we *Mise* doe hold,
Fatter the better (sure 'tis worth repeating)
A fat sweet modicum deserves the eating.

And though sometimes (too seldome I confesse)
We light vpon a *Capon* by the way;
Or fortune with a *Rabbit* doth vs blesse,
Which is a dainty morsell at this day;
Or other pretie iuncate which we find,
And eate some part according to our kind:
Yet are we not so greedie, as some say,
Which blame braue *Mise*, yet take the meat away:
For



on Frogs and Mise.

For oft the greedie all-devouring *Cat*,
Which would be thought a safegard to the meat; A
Doth vnder colour of her inward hate,
That aye betweene vs two is wondrous greare,

Forrage the cupbords, kitchin, and the house,
Pretending hatred to the harmelesse *Mouse*: V
But certes let all beware of this deuice,
,, One greedy *Cat* is worse then many *Mise*. W

Too many
of these
Cats.

Oft, when a *Pigeon*, or some dainty bit,
Chiefly for master or the mistris drest;
If any parcell be reseru'd of it,
To close their stomack at another feast,

No sooner comes the morsell from the hall,
But seruants take a part, or eate it all;
And when enquiry for this thing is made,
Still on the guiltlesse *Mouse* the fault is layd.

Surely I graunt, it grieues me to the heart,
To beare these slaunders and incessant wrong,
VWhich still they lay vnto the *Mouses* part,
By their false lying and deceitfull young,

But in my sprite I scorne the vayne surmises,
Which eu'ry cogging mate by craft deuises;
Yet smile to see the mistris of the house,
Upon her seruants shoulders beat the *Mouse*.

Infirmi
est animi,
exiguus
voluptas
vicio.



The Battell betweene

*The
world is
growne
into a
swagge-
ring
wayne:
for now a
Mouse
will now
put vp
the lye.*

Nethlesse they cannot say but we will take
A dire reuenge vpon them for the lie;
And since no conscience in a lie they make,
Their lie shall proue a truth, or we will die:

For not a hole or corner shall be free,
Where any scraps or broken meat we see;
But whatso'e're we find, without delay
Weele quickly eate it vp, or beare away.

And yet thinke not (Sir Frog) we gallants liue
Upon the refuse scraps or broken meat;
Or feed on fragments which foule trenchers giue,
When greazy scullions make them cleane and neat.

Farre be it from a lordly Mouses tooth,
To taste the trash that eu'ry Pesant doth;
Well knowes a discreet Mouse to chuse the best,
Though he for anger often eate the rest.

Nor are we so faynt-hearted, if we chaunce
To meet a pye or pastie by the way,
Which like a Castle doth her selfe aduaunce,
Scorning the battrie of our braue array;
But streight couragiously her wals we scale,
Or vndermine them for to make her quale:
If valour will not bring our wish to passe,
Our teeth shall pearce her crust as hard as brasse.

Sweet.



Frogs and Mise.

Sweet cakes, fat puddings, curdes, creame, are our
With bacon-fitches hanging in the house, (meate,
Delicious hony-sops which gods do-eate,
Are victuals onely for the gallant *Mouse*.

No pleasant iuncates, no tooth-tempting fare,
Which huswiues locke vp with no slender care,
* Yea, no delights the kitchen doth contayne,
But in the danger of our teeth remayne.

* Yet oft
more
bold then
welcome.

Pale feare of death could neuer make me flye,
Nor safegard of my life to leauie the fight.

True valour will with honour rather dye,
Then like a coward liue and take his flight.
But like a Souldier stout, and Captayne bold,
Still in the formost ranke my place I hold,
Where I enact such wonders with my blade,
That troupes I send to death and dusky shade.

*Et cælum
territat
armis.*

The might of bourily man I do not dread,
Though other creatures liue within his feare:
Oft dare I bite his hand, and scratch his head,
When he the silent night in sleepe doth weare.

* I scorne his gins and his alluring bayt,
Set to intrap vs closely by deceyt:
Yet if therein the basest *Mouse* do fall,
In our reuenge his meate shall pay for all.

* *Casibus
insultas
quos pa-
tes ipse*

D

Onely pati.



The Battell betweene

Onely the *Owle* I dread, and eye-bright *Cat*,
Two cursed murders in the dismal night,
Whose monstrous iawes spare neither *Mouse* nor *Rat*,
But quicke deudore vs without law or right:

Yet chiefly of the *Cat* I stand in feare,
Whose puling voyce I never loue to heare;
A hel-bred *Harpie* ranging round about,
Watching our comming in and going out.

Satietas I tell thee, *Frog*, I lothe to liue on weedes,
nauseam Rootes, coleworts, garlick, or the foolish beet,
parit. Or stinking mushrooms, growing with the reedes:
Such vulgar diet for base *Frogs* is meet:

Meat fit for *Frogs* which haunt the watry Fen,
Not for the gallant *Mouse* that feeds with men.
And heere abruptly ending in disdayne,
Thus smilingly the *Frog* replyde againe :

Stoutly thou brag'st vpon thy costly cheare,
Thy dainty dishes and thy kingly fare;
Much honour to thy belly thou doest beare,
Vaunting what pleasures fall vnto thy share,
And what a warlike heart in thee doth dwell,
Which pale-fac'd feare of death could neuer quel:
,, But reason shewes by dayly practise found,
,, That empty vessels yeeld the greatest sound.

And



Frogs and Mise. IT

And yet seeme not to scorne our rushy chayre,
Because your belly-pleasures doe abound:
With our delights no solace may compare,
That can among poore starued *Mise* be found.

Vpon the land we daunce and sport our fill,
In water bathe our lymmes (so *Jone* doth will)
Our cates are consonant vnto our state,
Not mixt with poyson or deceitfull bayt.

*Nulla a-
conita bt-
buntur
fictilibus.*

And if the knowledge of the truth did moue,
Or breed in thee a liking and delight,
Like to the radiant sonne of mightie *Jone*,
When riding in his Carre he giues vs light,

I to my palace will thee safely bring,
Sitting vpon the shoulders of a king:
Leape on my neck, feare not the running mayne,
I beare thee hence, I bring thee backe againe.

*Credito,
credenti
nulla pro-
cella no-
cess.*

He had no sooner sayd, but bending downe
His back; , though rare it is to see Kings bow;
The lieger *Mouse*, lighter then thistle downe,
And swift as wind, which from the East doth blow,

Vpon his shoulders nimblly leaps in hast,
And vawting to his neck, doth there hold fast,
Proud of his stately Porter, as he might: (right.
,, For whome Kings beare, they may be proud by



The Battell betweene

Boldly the *Frog* doth launch out from the brim,
Into the current of the water cleare:
The *Mouse* reioycing for to see him swim,
Nepturne the god
of the sea
Vpon his backe like * *Neptune* doth appeare,
When mounted on a *Dolphin* in his pride,
Vpon the tossing billowes he doth ride:
Or like the *Sunne*, clad in his morning weeds,
Drawne in his fiery waggon by his Steeds:

Maior sum quā fortuna nocere. With so great port and princely maiestie
The little *Mouse* vpon the *Frog* did stand,
cui possit Proudly triumphing while the shore was nyc,
fortuna And that he could at pleasure skip to land.
nocere. Such great delights in water he did see,
Welneere he could desire a *Frog* to be.
,, But as no state can stable stand for aye:
,, So euery pleasure hath his ending day.

For when he saw the surging billowes rise,
And on the sudden fall as low as hell,
Such store of teates did trickle from his eyes,
That their abundance made the water swell.
And now the waues bedash him more and more,
Tossing his corpes amid their watry store,
With grief he wrings his hands, & teares his skin;
Such wofull plight pale feare had put him in.

Now



Frogs and Mise.

Now doth he wish, though wishes take no place,
That on firme land he were arriu'd againe; Galatius
He curseth Neptune and his trident Mace,
The troubled waters and the running maine:

Now, but too late (alas) doth he repent
His foolish rashnesse, cause of this euent.
,, But after-wit is like a shoure of rayne,
,, That falles vntimely on the ripened grayne.

His feet vnto his belly doth he shrinke,
And on the Frog his back doth closely fit,
Vsing his nimble tayle, when he did sinke,
In stead of oare. , , Pale feare did learne him wit.

The flowing billowes mount aboue his head,
Speachlesse for sorrow, and for griefe halfe dead:
,, Yet death is not so bitter as cold feare,
,, Which makes things greater, then they are, ap-
(peare.

Sorrow tryumpheth in the Mouse his brest,
Despayre doth sit as Marshall in his mind,
Danger and death on eu'ry side are prest,
Still to receyue him at eche puffe of wind:

,, But danger can the heart of pride ne're breake;
,, When feare hath staid the young, yet pride will speake.
,, And though the waters wash the outward skin,
,, They cannot wash presumption within.



The Battell betweene

*Jupiter For thus he sighing sayd, The gentle *Bull*,
when bee Which *Ouid* doth applaud for knauery,
Roleas Did not conuay to *Crete* his prety trull
way EN- Vpon his necke with so great brauery,
ropes As King of *Frogs* doth beare the gallant *Mouse*,
To see the pompe and pleasure of his house,
Plunging his lymmes amid the water cleare,
Such confidence to swimming he doth beare.

He this no sooner sayd, but sudden feare
Did stop the passage of his further prate:
For loe, a water-Serpent did appeare,
A hellish torment to the *Frogs* estate, (way,
Which cutting through the running streme that
Winding himselfe to find some floting pray,
The *Frog* espide: „What cannot feare descry,
„Which ioyn'd with care, preuent sad destiny?

For hee no sooner did the Snake behold,
Cerberus Gaping like *Cerberus* three-headed dog,
is sayd to Ruffling his scaly neck which shone like gold,
hauo But into water diues the wily *Frog*,
three Leauing the *Mouse*, his friend, in sad lament,
heads, & Set forth to danger, death, and dire euent:
to be por- „For he which makes a friend of euery stranger,
ter of hell „Discards him not againe without some danger.

The



Frogs and Mise.

The silly *Mouse* distressed and forlorne,
Left to the mercy of the running mayne,
Unto the bottome head-long downe is borne,
Where he, poore soule, in secret doth complayne,
Plunging with hands aloft now doth he fleet,
Then sinking downe againe he strikes with feet:
,, But when grim destiny doth once assayle,
,, No might, no shift, no force can then preuayle,

When therefore to approch he knew his death,
And that his wet haires furthered his woe,
Fate still attendant for to stop his breath,
And death at hand to worke his ouerthrow,
Weeping for sorrow, voyd of all relieve,
Thus with himselfe he sigh'd to ease his griefe:
,, For teares and sighes, sad orators of smart,
,, Though they release not, yet they easle the heart. *Et quae
dam fles
voiuptas.*

Perfidious *Frog*, procurer of my wrack,
Accursed Traytor to my fathers Crowne,
Thinke not though vengeance for a time be slack,
That thundring *Jove*, to whō all things are knowne,
Will be forgetfull of thy treachery,
Through whose deceit I dye in misery,
Which from thy back, as off a rock I stood,
Hast thrown me, periur'd wretch, amid the flood.



The Battell betweene

Well thou perceiu'dst my valour and my might,
My worth, my courage, and agilitie,
Which like a dastard and faint-hearted wight,
At vnawares hast wrought my tragedie.

By craft I dye in water, though on land
Thou durst not once attempt it with thy hand:
But God, whose dwelling is the starres among,
He knowes thy craft, & will reuenge my wrong.

Interdum The *Mise*, braue *Mise*, sterne soldiers of stout *Mars*,
lacrymæ In troupes shall march against thy damned crue,
pondera And shall pursue thee with such bloudie wars,
vocis ha- bens. That *Frogs* vnborne yet shall haue cause to rue.
Such baletfull stratagems that day shall be,
As neuer cursed trayturous *Frog* did see :
,, For ne're shall murder vnuenged boast.
And with those words he yeelded vp the ghost.

Lichopinax Lick-trencher, of great blood,
Sitting vpon the grassie waters side,
Saw when the *Mouse* was drowned in the flood :
,, For murder by some chaunce will be espide;
And greatly weeping for the Princes fall,
Amayne he posteth to the Kings neate hall ;
VWhere, to his *Grace* sitting with Lords of state,
He tels with griefe his sonnes vnhappie fate.

When

Frogs and Mise. *ad T.*

When as his Majestie this newes did heare,
Sadly he tooke the Princes ouerthrow,
Downe from his thronc he fell with heauy cheare,
And swooned in the place for griefe and woe.
His Nobles take him vp without delay,
And on a royll pallet doe him lay,
Where he for sorrow sick, was like to dye
,, For childrens hurt neare fathers heart doth lye.

But all the Lords, though they were male-content,
Grieu'd for his death which was their Kings sole
Yet like fell Lions vnto anger bent, *lamento* (care,
A black reuenge within their minds they sware.
With comfortable words they cheare their King,
Which somewhat did abate his sorrowing.
Hope of reuenge did so his stomacke pricke,
Now he is strong againe, whch erst was sick.

*Minuit
vindicta
dolorum.*

His messengers dispatched are apace,
To all the hungrie corners in his land,
Commaunding all his subiects in short space,
At Court before his Majestie to stand,
To learne his pleasure for his wofull sonne,
Whō the proud King of Frogs to death had don.
Whose corps lie buried in the rolling waue,
Wanting a royll Hearse as Princes haue.

The

The Battell betweene

*The dñe-
sfulnesse
of the
Mise.*

The time doth come, when evry man
Of any office, calling, or degree,
In his owne person at the kings great House,
Before his Maiestie should present be:

But all the Lords, knights, squires & gentle
Resort to Court, before the sunne did rise,
The basest Mouse that had a tayle behinde,
Posted apace to know his Graces minde.

Within the Court assembled were the States,
And each one seated in his due degree,
The Commons stayed at the Palace gates,
Yet where they might the King both heare and see.
Then presently his Maiestic came downe,
Clad like a mourner in a murry gowne, (weake,
And from his throne, though grief had made him
Yet angry for his sonne, thus did he speake :

*The O-
ration of
the King
of Mise.*

Stout Peeres, braue Nobles, and my Captaines tall,
And you kinde subiects to your louing King,
Though to my part these mischieses onely fall,
Which from my dreatie eyes sad teares do bring,
Yet to you all this dammage doth belong,
For Kings mishap to subiects is a wrong,
I like a father, you like friends complaine, (laine,
Since cursed Frogs, my sonne, your Prince, haue
Great



Frogs and Mise.

Great are the cares attend vpon a thronē,
And most misfortunes sit in Casars lap; d flesd riud
Then who so wretched as poore I alone,
Predestinate to nothing but mishap?

Tenes
auratum
linen a-
rinayc.

Once happie in three children borne to me,
As pretty Mise as euer man did see.
But Fortune glad to tryumph in my woe,
Hath brought my sorrow with their overthrow.

silencium
quink
. . .

For first, the eldest scarce was two months old, god T
VWhen playing like a wanton vp and downe, i d g f
A gricly Cas the yong Mause did behold, s h c u l t
And quickly caught him by the tender crowne, b r A
Betweene whose cruell iawes my sonne did die,
Without remorse devoured traytously, on T
A Stygian Butcher, knowynge vnto you all, o u r B
Whose teeth alunder teare both great and small.

visus a
mashed
- . . .

My sonne next him, a litle noble, L M o n s p i g n i g n i d T
Too ventrous far to liue (O gricke to tell!) s h c i q b n A
Hunting for food within a Farmers house, d h i d W
Into an engyne made of wood he fell, s h c i d i s i T
Inuented by mans arte and policie, z g n E l o d T
To crush and murther all our Progeny, j u l T
There (louing Subiects) dy'de my second child,
With rigour mafacred, with craft beguild,

Fraude
peris
virina.

Lna

E 2

And.

The Battell betwecn

And now my third, my last beloved sonne,
But best beloued sonne of all the three,
With whom my ioyes do end, my life is done,
Most deare to his Queene-mother and to me;
In whom decayes the issue of my blood,
Ay me, lies buried in the raging flood,
Betrayd and drowned by the Frys fell King,
To whom my sword sad elegies shall sing.

Hinc illa
lacry-
mæ.

Then quickly arm your selues, to armes, he cries,
Fight for your King and Countrey without feare,
Pursue the Frye your caried enemies,
And gard your selues with helmet, shield and speare;
With courage shew your valour and your might,
The day is ours: for Ione still aydes the right:
Braue Lords, kind subiects, fight couragiously,
God and Saint Gertrude graunt vs victory.

* She is
holden

patro-

nesse over
Mise.

The King in anger here did make an end,
And presently dismissed all the crue,
Which all their studie and endeouours bende,
That blacke revenge and battell might ensue.

The Kings sad wordes did stirre them vp so farre,
That noughe they talke of now but bloudie war.
And every Monke from greatest to the least,
Prepares such weapons as will fit them best.

And

The Frogs and Mice.

And first, for legs, these new daunted *Mise*,
Warlike habitments in hoste provide,
Garded with huskes of peale (O rare deuise!)
As though with boots or start-ups they would ride:

Whose policie if this our age would trie,

So many maymed soldiers should not die.

For they which lose their legges, doe lacke their might;

Nor can they fly, nor stoudy stand to fight.

Next with a corslet they defend the heart,
Nor made of Steele, but of an old straw-hat,
With which before they did award that part,
Against the forces of the greedy *Cat*:

A piece of leather on their backe they don,

Which serues in stead of an habergion.

The bottome of a candlestick doth stand,

For target or a buckler in their hands.

Small brazen pinnes they brandish like a speare,
And tosse their needles like strong pikes about;
A walnut shell for helmet they doe beare,
After that they had eate the kernell out.

And thus they march to fight that bloody fray,

Vaunting in armour and their proud array.

Few weapons vnto force fresh courage bring.

A Mouse in armes doth thinke himself a king.

The w
arres
and were
part of
the deuise

blanck
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -

Grimus
que pos-
sumus
arma.



The Battell betweene

*Repro-
marie.
cognita
turbuta.
spurci-
tulam
sugimus
victus.*

But when the trumpe of iron-winged Fame aburst
Had sounded to the *Frogs* this bad report, *wilkeVV*
Out of the water in great troopes they came, *shasO*
And on the shore together do resort, *wilkeVV*
There to determine what the cause should be,
Of these strange warres and sudden mutinie :
sugimus vici Their dread increaseth by each broute they heare:
victus, For feare of unknown things breeds greater feare.

*Herald
Eate-
cheese.*

Whiles thus they stand perplexed and afraid, *wilkeVV*
A Herald bold of Armes they might desry, *sem 10M*
Eat-cheese Tyrolypbus, which not dismayd, *wilkeVV*
Dare stoutly to their face the *Frogs* defie, *desiringA*
Whom noble *Embassytros begot*, *to 200ig A*
That slyly creepeth into ev'ry pok, *against dainVV*
He bearing in his hand a regall mace, *and 30T*
Thus to the *Frogs* did speake in great disgrace:

*whom
200 200
lunam
200 200
200 200*

To you disloyall *Frogs* that hunt for blood, *wilkeVV*
And to your King that wrought our Princes fall, *A*
Drowning his body in the raging flood, *lunam A*
Whose death to heauen doth for vengeance call, *lunam A*
To you I come sad messenger of woe *wilkeVV*
From angry *Mise*, which wish your ouerthrow:
And here, in all their names, and from our King,
A stier defiance to base *Frogs* I bring.

Warres,



Frogs and Mise.

Warkes, hostile warres, accursed traytous Frogs,
Heere I denounce, and spit within your faces. and Ingentes
Damned deceitfull wretches from your bogs. not Atra minas
We will abolish your detested race. not Atra minas I said.

Then armes your selues, for vengeance we wil take
Vpon all Frogs for our braue princes sake. not A
If courage in your crauen hearts doth dwell
Meet vs in open field: and so farewell. not A

When he had said these words, as in disdayne
Scorning an answer from the Frogs to beare,
Forthwith he posted to the Mise againe,
Whose message put the Frogs in mighty feare: (more)
,, Yet feare breeds wrath, wrath kindles courage
That now windes rage which erst were calme be.
The King then rising frō his chaire of state, (fore.
Grauely their valours thus did animate:

Lords, Nobles, gallant Frogs, and all the Trayne,
Which heere attend to know our royll will,
Subiects, nay, more then Subiects in our raigne,
For we are fellowes and compartners still: (raine,

The Oration of the King of Frogs.

Veke not your mindes, „ all clouds do beare no
„ Nor in proud brags true valour doth remaine.
These are but words, fit bugs to scarre the crowes:
„ And cowards brags do seldom end with blowes.

and

E •

„ But

The battell betweene

But if their meaning with their words agree,
Then doe they seeke to undermine our Crowne,
A forged quarrell they impose on me,
That I a proud audacious *Mouse* should drowne a
Accipit And vnder this false colour they devise,
Danaum To cloke the treasons of their enterprise.
infidus, Eche foole can find a staffe to beate a dog.
& crimi- He must haue both his eyes that blinds a *Frog.*
ne ab o-
no disce
emnes.

Heauen and earth to winnesse I doe call, and
And all the golden Planets of the skie,
That I attempted not the *Mouses* fall,
Nor once remember I did see him die, all in a stod.
But this I thinke, that, playing on the brim,
Seeling the gallant *Frogs* so brauely swim,
He thought to doe the like, and leaped in,
Where he was iustly plagued for his sinne.

And now these lurking creatures, hungry *Mice*,
Which scarce dare shew their faces in the light,
A crew of greedy vermine, which devise
Nothing but stealth and rapine in the night :
These doe vniuersally charge me with his death,
Because within our reigne he lost his breath :
But I will reach these proud audacious foolcs,
Not iest with kings, nor meddle with edge-tooles.

Then



Frogs and Mise.

Then friends, kind friends, & fellowes to your king,
Plucke vp your spirits, banissh lauish feares;
For in this warre, whence terror seemes to spring,
Me thinkes great ioy and comfort still appeares,

Since gallant Frogs, whome nothing terrifies,
Fight with a starued troupe of hungry Mise.

Courage, braue mates, take weapons, and to fight:
,, Fortune defend strue valour in his right.

Sit amens
horteris,
fortius i-
bis equus
tibialis.
scutum
victor
cimicula
a/maia

But since men may in warre sometimes preuayle,
As much by policy, as power or might,
And that where strength and prowesse often fayle,
Wit doth at length giue succour to the right.

I wish you arme your selues with speare & shield,
And march along the shore vnto the field,
VVhere, on a hill which ouer-lookes the flood,
VVe will incampe our selues as in a wood.

Vis conser-
vis expers
mole ruin
sus.

A rare
policy of
the Frogs.

VVhen to this place these crauen Mise conuay
Their fearefull souldiers, like a flocke of sheepe,
And to besiege our fortresse shall assay,
VVhere we vpon the hill our forces keepe;

If any boasting Mouse vpon the banke
Dare but ascend one foote before his tanke,
Him we will all assayle in furious mood,
And cast his body headlong in the flood.



The battell betweene

By this rare stratagem and braue devise,
We shall their malice and great pride abate:
Thus shall we conquer corner-creeping *Mise*,
Which would annoy our peace and quiet state.

*Addidit
innata
robur
facundia
causa.*

And thus, with trophies and triumphing play,
We will like victors crowne our heads with bay.
The arme your selues, braue mates, with speare &
God, and great Neptune grant vs winne (shield,
(the field.

*The ar-
mour and
weapons
of the
Frogs.*

Here did he end, and scarce he made an end,
But all the *Frogs*, from greatest to the least,
For these ensuing warres their studys bend
To get such weapons as befit them best:
First to their thighs greene Malows they do wrap,
Which hang downe like a bag or butchers flap.
Beetes, like a cloke, ypon their backe they don,
Which serues for brest-plate and habergion.

A Cockles shell for sallet they prepare,
Tward their heads from blowes amid the field;
In their left hands these water-souldiers bare
A leafe of Colewort for a trusty shield,
And in their right (for all parts armed were)
They tolle a bulrush for a pike or speare.
Along the shore they march in this array,
Mad with fell rage, yet glad to see this day.

Thus



Frogs and Mise.

Thus whil' t both armies did prepare to fight,
Almighty *Jove*, eternall, without end,
Invites the gods into his palace bright,
Whence ratling thunder & bright flames descend:

A cons-
sel assen-
bled in
heauen.

And pointing with his finger downe below,
To them these puissant warriours doth he show,
Stout as the *Centaures* or the *Gyants* great,
Which once assai'd to pull *Jove* from his seat.

Whom when the gods together did behold,
Marching like *Pigmye-Braggarts* in array,
And sternly shake their speares like champions bold,
As though no terror could their hearts dismay,

Aspici-
tus ocul-
lis superi-
mortalia
instis.

They made the court of heau'n with laughterring;
Such pleasure and delight the light did bring.
Then smiling *Jove* (deep silence kept a space)
Lift vp his voice, and spoke with royall grace:

If *Frogs and Mise* (quoth he) their patrons haue;
Chast daughter *Pallas*, my *Bellona* deere,
Tell vs which side thou wilt protect and saue,
Shall not the gallant *Mise* be victors heere?

Goddesse
of warres.

Great store of them within thy temples dwell,
Allured thither by the tempting smell,
Which still amounteth from thy sacrifice.
Pallas againe did answere in this wise:



The Battell betweene

Great Lord of heau'n and earth, beloued Sire,
If you commaund, your daughter must obey,
My will subiecte is to your desire,
¶ For children cannot fathers hests denay:
Yet force me not, kind father, once to shield
These hunger-starued pyrats in the field,
False lurking creatures, greedy theeuish *Mise*,
Whose teeth pollute my sweete fat sacrifice.

Qualibet extremitas iniuria suscitat ignes.
Great are the wrongs and mischieves I abide,
By these detested vermine day and night,
Much they impaire my worship and my pride:
And shall I then defend them in this right?

* *Crownes of victory* The hallow'd oyle, which sacred fire doth stay;
Within my lamps, they steale and liche away:

My *crownes they gnaw, but these are losses small,
This is the hurt molests me most of all:

My braue ensigne embrodered all with gold,
Neuer braue ensigne was so rich of price,
Wherein my acts and triumphs were enrold,
Is eaten, torne, and spoyled by these *Mice*.
This is my hurt surpassing all the rest,
For this cause chiefly I these *Mise* detest:
And shall I, father, seeme to patronise
My foes, my wrongers, and sworne enemies?

N're



Frogs and Mis.

Ne're these accursed beasts will I defend;
Command ought else, great Jane, but pardon this:
Nor durstie *Frogs Bellona* will befriend,
Whose ioy and pleasure in fowle puddles is.

For as I loath the *Mise* for sundry wrongs:
So I detest base *Frogs* for croking songs,
Whose harsh vnpleasant voices in the night
Breed nought but terror to each mortall wight.

*Hoc illis
garrula
lingua
destit.*

When I returne oft sweating from the warres,
And after fainting trauell thinke to sleepe,
With their seditious brawles, and croking iarres,
Which in the filthy marshes they keepe,
Awake I lye, till mornings trumpeter
Gives warning for the day-starre to appear,
And cheertull Cocke chants forth his wonted lay,
To shew the dawning of the ioyfull day.

Though we are gods, yet let vs all beware
To succour in our person either part:
For if these meete the gods, they will not spare
To strike them with their iuelings to the hart:
But let vs rather ioy to see this fray,
Where we behold their ruine and decay.
Thus *Pallas* said. To whom incontinent
The heauenly *Senate* gaue a full consent.

*In auda-
ces non
est auda-
cia tua.
Quos oce-
rit quisq;
perisse
cupit.*



The Battell betweene

The bar Meane while both armies mustred on the plaine,
telle. And place their wings and squadrons in array,
From either part a *Herald* doth againe
Giue signe for battell and the bloudie day.

The buzzing Flies, because they were of skil,
To blow aloud their hornes and trumpets shrill,
A harsh *santara* sound vnto the fight, (might.
Which lends more courage to their wonted.

Heauen and earth doth thunder with the cry,
When front to front these noble armes meeke,
Loose wauing in the wind their ensignes flie,
With wounds and fatall blowes echo other greate.

The *Mise* assaile, the *Frogs* the fight accept,
In combat close each host to other stept:
For now the wings had skirmish hot begun,
And with their battels forth like Lyons run.

But who was first amid this bloody fight,
That gaue the onset first, first wannewonne?
Croaking Hypsiboas, first like a knight,
Lick-saile Lichenor bruely tumbled downe,
Into his paunch so strong he thrust his speare,
That forth his backe behind it did appeare,
Groueling the *Mouse* fell on the sandy plaine,
By this audacious *Frog* with valour slaine.

Next



Frogs and Mise.

Next him *Troglodytes*, which not afraid,
Each secret hole and corner creepeth in,
Gauet *Pelion* the *Frog*, with aubreyd,
A deadly foile with his small brazen pins:
Within the wound the iueling sticketh sore,
And fro the veines forth streams the purple gore.
Thus to his end pale death this *Frog* did bring,
"Which kills the caitife with the crowned king." *Tendre*
muns bres
emours

Pot-creeping *Embasibyros*, of late
Whose valiant sonne did all the *Frogs* defie,
Now quite confounded by disastrous fate,
Deuoid of life thy headles truncke doth lie
At hardy *Sentius* his crooked feet,
A *Frog* which feeds on nothing but the beete.
And clamorous *Polyphon* there lyes thou dead,
Slayne by *Artophagus* which easeth bread.

But when *Limnocharis* their deaths beheld,
Which in the marsh hath his whole delight,
The angry *Frog*, by loue and ire compeld,
To sad reuenge his pow'r and forces dight:
"Life must be payd with life, the *Frog* did cry,
Their deaths I will reuenge, or with them dye.
Thus when true loue, & valour guide the heart,
A cowards hand will play a soildiers part."

The Battell betweene

*Quilibet And from the ground a milstone in great hast
trans ipse He raughte: „strange wonders courage doth enact:
dat arma And with great violencie the same he cast
furor. At proud *Trogloides* as one distraſt
In middle of his necke the stone did light,
Wherby he sleepeth in eternall night:
Thus bruſed with the fall, this *Mouse* did lye,
Suffring the torments of deathis tyranny.*

*Yong *Lichenor*, his sonne that first was flaine,
A gallant *Mouse*, which did no colours feare,
Desirous, though with death, renowne to gaine,
That his exploits ensuing times might heare,
*Eft vin-
dicta bo-
num, vita
incūdīus
ipſa.*
Fierce butcher like *Limnocharis* elspide,
Whose weapons were with bloud in scarlet dide:
To whom he said, Fight, coward, or else flie,
Thou or *Lichenor* here shall surely die.*

*And with those words, ayming his heart to hit,
Strongly his iaueling at the *Frog* he threw,
*Ipsa ma-
nus for-
tunam-* It pearst his side, his brest and bowels split,
His vitall spirits from his body flew;
Dead lay *Limnocharis* vpon the playne,
The brauest fouldier in the watrie trayne.
„For death impartiall doth with one ſelfe hand,
„Cut off the ſtrong & weak at heauens comand.*

Crambo.



Frogs and Mice

Crombophagus, Et. Colenort, which of late blod and
Basely his armes and weapons cast away,
Thinking by flight to flie the stroke of fate,
Ran to the water from the mortall fray :

Whom Lichenor more swift then he purfude,
And in his harts warm bloud his speare imbru'd:
Upon the shore the dastard Frog was slaine,
Ere he could leape into the running maine.

Heroicall Limnesus, Picnic Lord,
Incensed by mad rage, blacke furies brand,
The bold Tyroghyphus flew with the sword,
A great commander in the Mones band.
Deepe holes and hollow canes he vsde to delue
Among the Cheeses lying on the shelues.
His head the Frog doth from his necke aduance,
And in great triumph beares it on his lance!

Faint-hearted * Calaminthus in great feare,
Little in stature, and of courage small,
Beholding vast Pternoglyphus appeare,
A Mouse exceeding great, stong, bouri, tall,
And which in bacon fletches holes doth make,
He doth his weapons with the field forsake,
, Euen as the fearful Hare purfude with dogs.

* So cal-
led of the
herbe Ca-
lamint.

Pedibus
timor ad-
dissimilas

G.

But



The Battell betweene

But bold Hydrocharis, that loves the flood,
Famous for deeds of armes would never fie,
The furious Mouse this peerelesse Frog withstande,
Nor would he shun a foot though he should die.

Lately Pternophagen this gallant killed,
Which oft with Bacon bath his belly filled:
Now with a stone Pternoglyphus he slew,
Whose cloddred braines the crimson field imp-

Lichopinax, which first told to the king
The balefull newes of his sonnes tragedy,
At Borborocates did his darts still flung:
A valiant Frog, though in the durt he lyg.
Prostrate he fell vpon the sandy ground,
The Mouscs dart had made a mortall wound:
Wherat pale death sent forth his fainting spright,
To sleepe in darknes and eternall night.

When this the Frog Praesophagus beheld,
Eat Lecke Praesophagus, swift as the Hynde,
He ranne with mighty stowre along the field,
And taking Gniſſodioctes neas behind,

*Quam se-
rus &
verſe fer-
re illa
fuit?*

From off his feet the little Mouse he long,
Into the streaming current all along,
Nor there he left him, till with raging mood,
He had his fooe strangled in the flood.

Eat;

On Frogsland Misery

Est-crusanne Psicharpix, which was neere allide
Vnto the kings yong sonne that earst was drown'd,
In succour of his friends the Frogs deuide,
And to the battell made him ready bound,

Durtie Pelusus in the paunch he thrust,
Faintly the Frog sunke downe into the dust,
Whose flurtring spirit did her passage make,
Downe to Avernus that vnplesant lake.

Pelobatis, which loues to treade the myre,
Saw when his friend and fellow souldier fell,
And adding fuell to the smoking fire,
His furie into burning flames gan swell.

For filling both his hands with durrapace,
He cast it fiercely in Psicharpax face,
Which much besmeard his visage with disguise,
And almost blinded and put out his eyes:

But he the strong Psicharpax mou'd with spleene,
And iustly angrie at this beastly wrong,
Tooke vp a mighty stone which ther had beene
A bound or landmark sweenet two neighbours long,
And hurling it with vigour and great power,
He burst his knee asunder in that stower,
The right leg fell dismembred from his thie,
And not once moving on the ground doth lie.

The Battell betweene

Ne there he thought to leane him in sad plight,
But with a iaueling would haue rest his life,
Had not Craugasides, that croaking wight,
Whose chiefeſt pleaſure is in brawling ſtrife,
Kept off the blow, and with a ſudden push,
Thrust through the *Moſe* his belly with a rush,
Upon the ground his bowels gushed forth :
„ Thus diſde this martiall hart, & *Moſe* of worth.

*Mars du-
bius om-
nis, quoſ-
gue exeges*

*unquam
poſſe ia-
vere ca-
dunt.*

*Stultus,
qui cum
diſcedere
poſſit,
pugnat.*

Which when Eat-corne *Sitophagus* eſpide,
That erſt was maymed of two legs in fight,
Washing his wounds along the waterſide,
And ſore amazed at this rutfull fight,
He dared not aduenture forth agayne
Into the field, for feare he ſhould be ſlayne :
But leapt into the ſtrong entrenched fort,
Where he received was in ioyfull fort.

Nethleſſe the warlike troopes of eyther band
Persisted ſtill with courage in the field,
Great ſtore lyē ſlayne vpon the drenched ſand,
Yet not for thy a fouldier ſeemes to yeild :
„ Now fury roares, ire threats, & woe complains,
„ One weepes, another cryes, he ſighes for paynes,
„ The hoſts both clad in blood, in dust and myre,
„ Had chang'd their cheare, their pryme, their rich

(attyre. Thus

On Frogs and Mise. T

Thus whiles the conquest was to neither bent, bna
But poizd in ballance betwene hope and feare, C
Those two which hold the supreme government A The con-
O're both the armies which in battell woso abis oT flict of the
The Kings of Frogland Mise together meete, two kings
Where they with mortal blows each other greet:
But cowards often faintly step aside, iwhnA
When manhood is by resolution hid, illiT

For scarce they had encountered in the fight, whicC
And lent some equall strokes on either side, oids oS
When king of Mise thinking his foe to smite, jctT
Upon the head his sword to ground did glide, jscB
But yet his foot it wounded when it fell, (quell:
Which blow did much his haughty courager
For he which erst was author of this strife,
Now seekes the boggs for safegard of his life. A

The valourous incensed king of Mise, jach seomA
Seeing the Frogs proud king so basely fly, asM onO
Which was of late so resolute and wile, ois ouid A
To vaunt of trophies ere he blowes distry, ois noN
Calling his louldiers on with cheertfull hue,
His fainting weary foe he doth pursue,
Still hoping (since his woud had made him slow)
To ouertake him with a fatal blow.

The battell betweene

And but that neuer-daunted Captaine brought,
Captaine Prassans, greene as garden-Lorke,
A troope of gallans which nould flic for ought,
To aide the king, his life had beene to seek,
Which pressing through the middle of the fray,
Releide their wounded king which fled away,
And with their darts beat backe the Mise a lpace,
Till forth of daunger they had rid his grace.

*Ipsa dies
quandoq;
parent,
quandoq;
venerca.*

*Incertis
fallax fi-
ducia
Marris.*

Greatly the Mise were daunted with their blowes,
So thicke they fell and forcibly were sent,
That they were forc'd from daunger of the throwes,
Backe to retire and somewhat to relent,
Vnill their rage and turie were o'repaft,
Through want of breath; then they againe as fast
The Frogs assaile and mightily amate,
As forward earst, now backward to retraite.

Among the squadrons of the Mouses band,
One Mouse there was more gallant then the rest,
A brauer souldier was not in the land,
Nor stouter Captaint ever wars profest
For though heire Mars his manhood list to flic,
Mars could not force this daring Mouse to flic:
But when in armes this warriour is yclad,
He rather is of Mars to be ydrad.

buA

& O

This

Frogs and Mise. [T]

This was the sonne of *Artibulus*,
Whiche doth for bread in waste and ambush lie,
Of loftie heart and magnanimous,
A worthy sire to such a ptochier,
Whom mighty Astridaper he did call,
That easeth the crummes which vnder table fall:
Was neuct Monse which vnder hean's doth liue,
That durst aduenture nish him for to striue.

Like to a Gyant stood this champion bold,
Vpon the shore neere to the riuers side,
Vaunting his might and prowesse, as he would
Haue pull'd the throne of Ione downe in his pride,
And holding vp his bouri armes to heauen,
Swore by the Sunne, the Moone, and Planets seuen,
That e're bright Phabus lighted from his wayne,
One crauen *Frog* should not aliue remaine.

For by this hand, quoth he, by this right hand,
(Scarce would a man beleue it though he sweare)
Though not a Monse will venture them withstand,
But flie the field for cowardise and feare:
Yet I, behold, I, will so thresh these Frogs,
That with their corses I will fill the bogs;
Or they, or I, by Ione this vow I make,
This night will lode beyond the *Strygian lake*.

Dis pro-
cor a re-
nissens
remouete
sinistrā.

Dis pro-
bibete
mias,
Du tales
auertise
pestem.

A mīt
in bell, o-
uer which
soules
do passe
to all place
cōs.

The Battell betweene

And cert's, these words had not bene spoke in vaine,
He had perform'd his vow: (though shame to tell)
If that the Father of the heau'nly trayne,
The king of men, and Lord of deepest hell,
Great *lone*, had nor beheld from starry skyes
His dire complots and bloudy enterprise,
And taking pitie of the *Frogs* estate,
To Mars and all the rest thus gan relate:

Ye Gods, which here behold this dismal day,
And see the slaughterers of the cruell fight,
What braggard *Mouse* is this that beares such sway
Neere to the riuier, vaunting of his might,
How bold he looks, how proud he beats his head,
As though the *Frogs* lay all before him dead,
Deeply protesting on the parched sand,
Not one poore *Frog* shal scape his murdring had.

Djuine inhabitants of heau'n, behold, and ioyd to
Behold, I say, alas, the wretched case,
And great mishap which doth poore *Frogs* enfold,
Now prest to suffer paine and disgrace,
Vnlesse you delight to save them at this hour,
And send in ayde some number of your power,
To quel the daring courage of the *Mis*,
And stop proud *waridark* enterprise in aid.

If



Frogs and Mise.

If thit displease, then let vs *Pallas* send
To asswage the furie of this cruell fone :
Or thou sterne *Mars* haste thither for to wend,
Yclad in armes of Adamantine stome;

That this fell * *Tyger*, greedy of his pray,
E're he annoy the *Frogs*, may runne away.

Heere *Ioue* did end : But *Mars* of visage grim,
Arising from his seat, replide to him :

Merida-
pax.

Beloued Father, Lord of heau'n and hell,
To your behest all pow'rs subiected stand,
Which doe in heau'n or lower regions dwell,
None may or dare deny when you command:

Then think, sweet Father, *Mars* accounteth still
Your word for right, as law your only wil. (*Ioue*,
„Kings men cōmaund on earth, why should not
„The King of Kings, command the gods aboue?

Speake but the word, great *Mars* is alwayes prest,
At *Ioues* appoynt, in armes to enter field;
And for stout *Pallas*, at your least request,
I know my sister willingly will yeeld:

But neither I, though I be god of warres,
Nor *Pallas*, whose renown doth reach the starres,
Now are of force the falling *Frogs* to stay,
Or them preserue from imminent decay.

Quid
Mars ad
multum-
dinem?.



The Battell betweene

No, rather send the gods, send all the power,
That highest heauenly Hierarchies can make,
Or on their heads lightning with thunder shower,
(That all their armie may with terrorr quake)

*A great
Giant,
which In-
piter slew
with
lightning.
*Ihaeton,
he was
slayne
with
thunder.

With which thou slew'st the Giants long agone,
*Enceladus, and proud *Apolloes sonne.
Thus ended frowning Mars. To whose behest
Great Ione gaue full consent, with all the rest.

And presently ascending vp the tower,
Where sulphurous brands, with stony darts of fire,
And all the weapons of his might and power,
Are kept, to plague proud rebels in his ire :
First, there he caus'd great gasty flames arise,
And thunder-claps, that seem'd to rend the skies,
And still among this hideous roaring sound,
He darted burning bolts the Mise to wound.

Pale feare assayled both the Frogs and Mise,
When first on sudden they the thunder heard,
So great a terour in their minds did rise,
As though with spirits they had bene askard:
bus ira „For who in's brest so stout a heart doth beare,
Dei. „That when heau'ns thunder, doth not quake for
(feare,
„And stand amaz'd to view with mortall eyes,
„When angry Ione darts lightning from thef kies?

Neth-



Frogs and Mise.

Nethlesse, although the *Mise* were much dismayd,
To heare the sound, and see the fearefull sight,
Yet left they not the battell as afayd,
But stood with greater courage to the fight.

„Certes, true valour may recoyle a space,
„Yet still her force renues with greater grace.
Fiercer they rage than earst they did before:
Such heapes of *Frogs* lyce slayne vpon the shore.

Apparee
virtus, ar-
gnisurg;
malis.

When angry *Toue* beheld with ruffull eye,
For all his care, the *Frogs* still goe to wracke,
And see the *Mise* more desperate hereby,
Scorning his lightnings and harsh thunder-cracke,
He wept to view their slaughter and decay:
And now he thought to trie a surer way,
By other meanes the *Frogs* from death to shend:
„For whom God loues, he fauours to the end.

From forth the Cesterne of the Ocean deepe,
Whence riuers both their spring and tydes tenue,
An vgly swarme of filthy monsters creepe,
A foule infernall and ill-fauour'd crue,
Which still goe backward with a squinting eye,
To see before their footsteps what doth lye:
„For thus doth mother nature alwayes ayme,
„For eche defect a remedy to frame.

The de-
scription
of the
Crabs.



The Battell betweene

Exceeding were their shoulders out of square,
So broad, so great, as irkes my muse to tell:
Their bald blue backe withouten skin or haire,
Was all o'rewhelmed with a costiuе shell,
As hard as Iron, or the flinty stones.
Their bodies wholly were compact of bones.
Before their vgly face two clawes beare sway,
With which they wont to grope & feele their way.

On eyther side of their deformed brest,
Foure crooked legs their grieuous burden beare:
Two sterne grim lowring eyes by natures heft,
In middle of their belly did appeare.

Their griesly crownes seem'd clouen into three;
On two whereof like helmets you might see.
So vile a brood of fell misshapen Snakes
Ne're could be found, but in th' infernall lakes.

*Quaſſi-
bet, ad
pennas,
res capit
ira Iomis.*

These monstrous vgly Crabs (for Crabs they were)
Crawling along the spacious continent,
When Ione beheld from out his Palace cleare,
Which lycs beyond the spangled firmament,
He ſent the hel-bred band vnto the fray,
To kill the Mife, or make them runne away.
The Crabs obeyd, „nor take they care for armes;
„Their ſhels wil keep them ſafe frō greatest harms.

No



Frogs and Mise.

No sooner were they come vnto the fight,
Where warlike *Mise* their enemies assayle,
But all at once the *Crabs* vpon them light,
Asunder breake their legs, bite off their tayle,
Their iuelings pluck away, & pinch their hands,
Nothing their sauage cruelty withstands:
So Tiger-like vpon the *Mise* they pray,
As would perforce the stouiest heart afrai.

But when the *Mise* beheld these monsters rage,
So dire and bloody as doth grieue me tell,
Their haughty courage somedeale gan asswage,
Their hearts from wonted resolution fell;
Their armes they throw away, the field forsake,
And to their heeles for safegard them betake:
,, For if both heauen and hell conspire decay,
,, No maruell though poore *Mise* do runne away.

Rara qui-
dem est
virtus,
quā non
fortuna
gubernat

Thus by the succour of the *Crabs* that day,
The *Mise* were forced to a shamefull flight,
The *Frogs* preseru'd from imminent decay,
Which else had slept in death and endlesse night.
And now the welked *Phoebus* gan to rest
His wearied waggon in the scarlet West,
When sullen night prepar'd her course to runne,
Seal'd vp the battell with the setting Sunne.

Pnigma
suum si-
nem, cum
sugit ho-
sus, habet



The conclusion of the *Translator.*

Loe, in a vaile presented to thine eye,
Among more lessons worthy due regard,
Of trifling iarres and foolish enmity,
The ominous successse and iust reward.
See then from strife and discord thou refrayne,
Lest sad repentance breed thy further payne:
»For if *blacke Crabs do chance to part the fray,
»Small is their gayne that beare the best away.

*Hodie
sub homi-
num spe-
cie, Can-
erican-
as agunt.

Et facit ad mores ars quoq; nostra bonos.

FINIS.

To



To his Cousin, M^r. Ambrose Hargreues health.



Whether a secret influence from above,
Or supernaturall motion of the mind,
May seeme good-liking, and affection moue,
Among those men whom kinred hath combind:
Or whether nature, Cousin, vs inclin'd,
So highly to esteeme affinitie,
I cannot easly iudge, nor causes find,
Why we so fauour consanguinitie;
But cert's the worke is from diuinitie.

And whence this inward motion doth arise,
Is for my purpose needless to decide,
Sithence we find it true, whom bloud allies,
In league of friendship commonly abide,
And in the band of loue are nearer ty'de:
Nethlesse when other causes beare away,
To moue goodwill, it cannot be denide,
But then it is more firme, as is the day
Brighter when Phœbus doth his beames display.

Yet since first kinred doth commaund as due,
An interchange of amity and loue,
Much, I confess, for this I fauour you,
In whom the gifts of wit and learning moue,
Which more confirme what here I seeke to proue;
But that you live old Hargreues onely sonne,
Whose blessed soule rests in the armes of loue,
And in the bosome of the Holy one;
This hath the key of my affection.

E multis
renulis
surgit in
genis &
qnor.

This hath the greatest intrest in my heart,
And deeper stands infixed in my brest,
Then eyther kinred, or the gifts of arte,
Or what blind Nature doth esteeme as best:
For though I held him deare, I doe protest,
Before his passage from this vale of woe,
Virtutem Yet now enthron'd in everlasting rest,
amissam Much more I loue: we seldom fully know
queri- True Vertues worth, till Vertue we forgot.
mum in-
nids.

Gone is the starre, whose lustre beautifide
Ecbe twinkling light that Norshren climats bred,
Yet though that clowdes obscure Apollo's pride,
With greater glory soone he shewes his head:
So though we thinke renowned Hargreue dead,
His life eclipsed by the clouds of fate,
No mist or darknesse can so overspread
His limes true honour, or his prasse abate,
But still it shines abroad in fresher state.

What should I think to set his praises forth,
Which farre exceeds the compasse of my brayne:
Too lofty subiect for my simple worth,
Nor can I easly reach so high a strayne,
VVich never tastid that immortall wayne,
Flowing with Nectar downe the sacred hill,
VVhere those nyne virgin-Muses ayremayne,
VVich learned beads with heavenly fury fill,
And drop artes drearyment into their quill.

Nelbr.

Nestleſſe, although ſo many tongues I had,
As* Briareus' bad bands great Homer ſayes,
In habit of ſweet eloquence yclad,
To blaſon to the world his vertuous dayes,
I ſhould but giue an Echo to his praife,
And much abbridge the volume of his ſtory:
Vertue is beſt to crowne herſelfe with Bayes,
And Hargreues worth to register his glorie,
Which ſtill furniues, though life be transitorie.

* A Gi-
ant with a
hundred
bands.

In ſpite of enuy, ſlaunder, death and hell,
Hargreue reuiues from paſon of the graue;
Aboue the banks of Fame his praifes ſwell,
Since hiffing Serpents ſought him to deprauie.
When Vertue moft is ſpurnd, ſhe growes moft braue.
Yet he which in hiſ life was vndeuided,
In whom viile Malice could no vantage haue,
After hiſ death by ſlaunder is defil'd:
But Vertues meed hath Infamy beguiled:

Nnuquā
Stygias
ſeretur ad
umbras
inclyta
virtus.

For forth the aſhes of foule Obloquie,
Burn'd with the firie brands of ſlaundrous lyes,
This peereleſſe Phoenix, crown'd with victorie,
Still doth renue himſelfe and neuer dyes,
And on the wings of Honour mounts the ſkies,
Whereas hiſ ſoule reſts in Ichoua's arme,
Scorning the checks of dunghill Scarabies,
And all the bitings of that viperous ſwarme,
Whose tongues are euer preſt to worke hiſ harme.

Effugient
ſtructos
nomen
honosq;
rogos.

Cousin, me thinks, the mysterie is deepe,
That they which Shepherds doe in shew appeare,
Clad in the habite of a simple sheepe,
Whom neither pride nor enuy commeth neare,
Should be transformed to an ugly Beare,

*Pascitur in viniis linor, post fata qui-
escit.* And play the Woolfe so silly in the end,
As a dead man asunder for to teare,
Whom in their life they never durst offend,
Prouing a sauge Vulture to their friend.

Yet thus, we see, some Cookes are wont to use
The silly sheep, which whil'st he breathes the ayre,
They never dare aduenture to abuse,
Or seeke the harmlesse creature to impayre:
But when the bloudy Butcher doth not spare
Within his throte to sheath the murdring blade,
They streight disioynt his members without care,
And cut and mangle him before them layd,
More cruell then the Butcher by their trade.

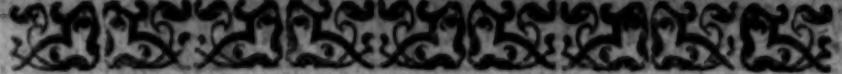
Needleſſe it is my meaning to vnfold:
Your Eagles eyes will quickly ſee the Sunne;
Impia sub dulci melle ve- nena la- All that ſhewes fayre, is not refined gold;
Nor all pure vestals which in cloysters wonne:
Sometimes a wolfe a Shepherds weed will don:
And starued Snakes, as Aſope wiſely told,
Preseru'd through pity from deſtruclion,
When fire hath freed their ioynts benum'd with cold,
Will hisſe their friend, like Serpents from his hold.

Pardon

Pardon me, Cousin, though I seeme too bold,
T' unrip the Cankers of a fes'treasore,
Too much I grieve to heare him thus controld,
And falsely slaudred by a grunting Bore,
And by a heard of Iwyne, which earst before,
When famous Hargreue liv'd, like dogs did flatter:
Yet heau'n, I hope, which iudgements hath in store,
Will first or last reward them for this matter:
And turne the case on shore when tydes want water.

Longer I will not agrauate their shame,
Broaching the caske of their unnat'rall sinne:
Well can the world testify the same,
How thanklesse and ungratefull they haue bin,
And how iniurious still they dealt herein:
But since the world neglects a deadmans wrong,
My Muse, alb'it shee be both bare and thin,
Is not afryd, though enuies part be strong,
To let them know th' abuses of their toung.

But let the wicked band themselues in one,
To worke true vertues ruine and decay:
Tread you the path your father earst hath gone,
And feare not what the proud can doe or say:
For though ambition seeme to beare a sway,
And enuies sting procure the iust mans smart,
Truth will aduaunce her cause as cleare as day,
And turne the scar.dale of detractions dart,
Upon themselves, with shame and griefe of heart.



Well could you beate (I know) the billowes backe,
Which seeke t' o'rewhelme the Barke of Hargreues name:
But neuer tempest can his vessell cracke;
Since Vertue serues as Anker to his fame:
Deigne therefore, Cousin, to protect from blame
This simple worke, that like as Hargreues friend
Stands in the front to patronize the same;
So Hargreues sonne in fine will it defend,
Lest Curres do bite behinde what I haue pend.

FINIS.



